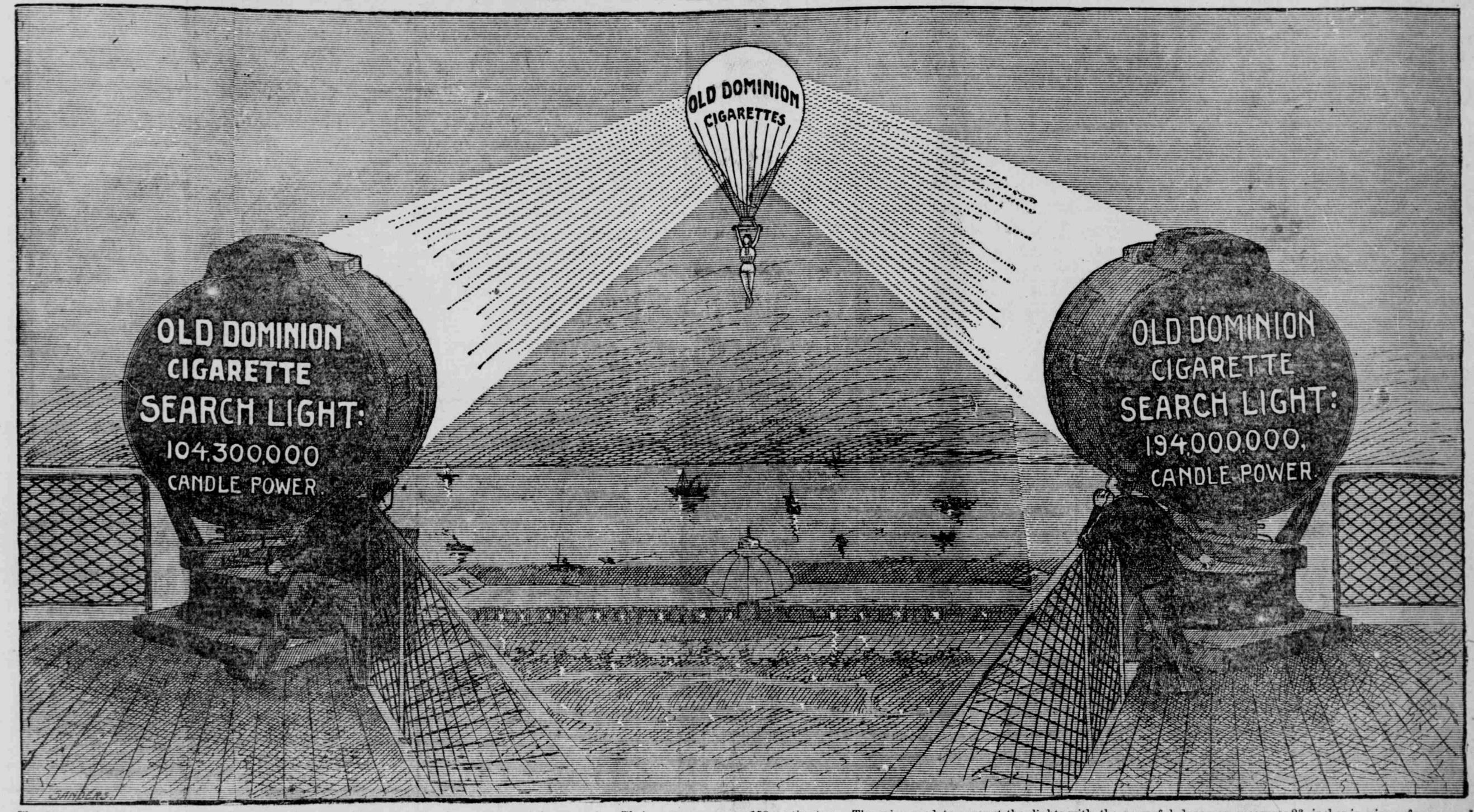
INDIANAPOLIS, SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 7, 1894-TWELVE PAGES.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## WATCH THE HEAVENS AT NIGHT



The Old Dominion Cigarette Search Lights, as shown in this picture, are the most powerful ever made. Their meter measures 150 centimetres. The wire, used to connect the lights with the powerful dynamos, measures 3\frac{3}{4} inches in circumference, and four thousand pounds of this wire are used to make the circuit. The carbons used in these lights are 4\frac{1}{4} inches in circumference, the largest ever made. The intensity of rays is 194,000,000 candle power. The Old Dominion Cigarette Search Lights are the same as were used on the middle roof of the Manufactures Building at the World's Fair, at the height of 230 feet. The beam of light has been seen in Milwaukee, Wis., eighty-five miles distant, and Antioch, Ill., sixty-five miles distant. By these lights a person standing in the beam of light ten miles distant is able to read a newspaper. Standing by the side of these large Old Dominion Lights one is able to detect, with the aid of good field glass, objects moving at a distance of twenty miles. These Old Dominion Lights are valued at \$5,950. They are imported from Germany, and the duties alone cost \$1,500. It is the sight of a lifetime, something you may never have a chance to witness again, as not more than half the residents of this city and surrounding towns had an opportunity to visit the World's Fair and see these wonderful Old Dominion Lights. The manufacturers of Old Dominion, the latest cigarette, have, at an enormous expense, placed these wonderful lights on the roof of the Bates House, one of the highest buildings in the city of Indianapolis. They will be operated between the hours of 7 and 9 p. m. And to add still another attraction, and to make one of the most novel sights ever witnessed, a number of monster paper balloons, the largest ever made, imported from Japan, will be sent up each evening, weather permitting. Each balloon will carry an order for 500 Old Dominion, the latest Cigarette. The Old Dominion Cigarette Bates House, Indianapolis. Ind Dominion Cigarette, Bates House, Indianapolis, Ind.

Watch the Heavens at night. Don't fail to purchase a package of Old Dominion, the latest Cigarette-TEN FOR FIVE CENTS. Photograph and valuable coupon in each package.

## IN THE SWISS CAPITAL

Interesting Gossip from the Pen of Ex-State Treasurer Lemcke.

Americans Who Are Willing Exiles-Beautiful Scenery-A Novel Entertainment with a Pleasant Ending.

I hain't no hand at tellin' tales, Some way o' nother language rails To slide for me in the olly way That lawyers has.

The two great civilizing factors of the world have been war and commerce. The first, Professor Jaquemot says, has brought knowledge to the conquered and has given new ideas to the conqueror; and the latter, with its requisite travel, has disseminated intelligence throughout the earth. At the present day much travel is indulged in by those who are seekers after pleasure only. Mistress Gill is very ill; nothing will im-But to see the Tuilleries and waddle through

People nowadays need not the inducement of trade and traffic to make them travel; many of our countrymen and women come over here stay for long terms, and numbers of them permanently; these I would call "willing exiles." Some of them find congenial climate; many seek educational advantages for themselves and children, while others can get more out of a limited income and effectually escape the often onerous home duties of "society," the exactions of which are beyond the means at their command. The latter class may often be found living up four pairs of winding stairs in ancient houses, the air of which strikes the visitor like that of damp cellar under a chandler's shop. The rooms are heated, so to speak, by an open | the hues of the rose in its various shades fireplace, the flue of which never draws, but always smokes badly enough to make a preacher swear. The fuel provided for this sham consists of dainty little bundles of sticks, too costly to burn, and not ornamental enough to adorn the wabbling old bureau with handleless drawers, which stands bleak and careworn in the corner; the covering of the floor consists of rugs often no bigger than a towel in an Arkansas hotel, and the little narrow bed upon which some long forgotten Marco Polo has breathed his last prayer is as hard and unyielding as the mosaic law; its mattress is upholstered with hair grown upon horses of the cloven hoofed variety, which had their day when cowboys were unknown and ponderous saurians disported themselves in the slime and heated pools of our then ardent globe, while the sheets, which are always made of linen, are cold as a marbletop table and strike terror into the unprotected legs of the weary seeker after repose. Those whose stomachs are provided with a papler mache lining, and who content themselves with unsalted butter, tough bread and cakes made of sawdust get along pretty well. Here in Geneva, as all through Switzerland, the hotels are good and reasonable in their charges, and during the winter season even cheap.

The cunton of Geneva in 1814 joined the Swiss Confederation, making the twentysecond in number. Its territory, which cor-

To proper to

Genevaise celebrate the repulse of the last attack of the Savoyards upon their city. It occurred in the year 1602, when the enemy was beaten back from scaling the ramparts. They call this fete the Escalade, and it is much made of and occurs two weeks before Christmas. The sport consists in three days of masquerading and general merry-making. The symbol of the festivities is a marmite (pot or skillet), and has its origin in the tradition that an old woman, La Mere Royaume, saved the city by throwing a marmite full of boiling rice soup from the wall down upon the besiegers, thereby putting the enemy "in the soup." This proves that some of the slang of the present day can boast of considerable antiquity. Every family commemorates the event to the delight of the children, by having for dessert after dinner a marmite made of almond sugar, chocolate or some other sweetmeat.

The River Rhone, coming from the moun-

tainous heart of Switzerland, forming here

Lake Leman, at the foot of which Geneva is situated, sends its frigid mountain water in a crystalline stream through the city, and furnishes abundant power for the extensive electric works, and supplies much manufacturing machinery as well. When the atmosphere is clear, and the sun shines, the panorama which unrolls itself to the spectator as he stands on the Qai Mont Blanc is one of wondrous beauty. Immediately in the foreground the blue expanse of the lake, glittering like burnished steel, is here and there dotted by a swift steamer or a picturesque latteen sail. The banks beyond rise from the water in long, voluptuously undulating lines, like the shape of a reclining Venus just arisen from the water; they are covered with stately villas, whose white battlemented turrets shimmer and glisten in the sun, and cozy villages, with sharp church spires, dot a landscape all embowered in vineyards and interspersed with shady groves and clumps of stately poplars, which puncture the sky with their needle-like points. Immediately in the rear lies the ponderous Saleve, rising to the height of four thousand feet, clothed in a somber coloring much resembling plush of a violet hue, while far off in the rear, over in Savoy, stately Mont Blanc rears its white, glittering summit, resplendent in a covering of snow of immaculate purlty. At sunset, after the shadows have fallen upon the valleys, and when the peaks of the mountain catch the slanting rays of the declining orb of day, they assume of pink, making the beholder think of fairyland and its airy inhabitants. The Swiss this warming glow of sunset upon their mountains, "Alpengluehen." Our little daughter, who at evening goes out onto the Pont Mont Blanc (the long, low bridge which connects the two parts of the city) to feed the flocks of sea gulls which congregate there when winter sets in, and are so tame that they take the bread crumbs thrown-them, on the wing, says that these white birds are not birds at all, but enchanted and bewitched princesses, and their summer homes are on the sides and in the crags and crevices of the beautiful rosecolored mountains we see at sunset. At night, when the fire glows brightly in the grate, and before the lamp is lit, she sits and muses over the many fairy tales she learned in Germany, and wonders how soon the long-expected prince or 'king's son will come to break the charm which keeps ering on frosty nights in the icy water, with their little feet all wet and cold, when really they should dwell in a crystal palace and be bedded in elderdown, between silken sheets, on a golden bed, hung with

the finest lace curtains. A NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT. At an evening entertainment, last week, given by the Geneva colony of university students of Armenian and Caucasian nationalities (male and female), we saw and heard much that was new and interesting. A recitation given in the Russian language, entitled "The Tears of the Araxe" (name of a Caucasian river), written by one Kamar Kathipa, a Georgian,

on these people. The liquid sounds of the language, however, were unexpectedly sweet and soothing. To contemplate Russian, as it is printed or written, one would imagine himself looking at the wreckage of a railroad train or dynamite explosion, and at the outset I much feared for the safety of the brand-new set of teeth with which the mouth of the fair recitationist had lately been furnished, but all went well, and we applauded as loudly as did any of the others. Performances on the "tharre," a stringed instrument often were encored. The instrument is a cross between the banjo and the mandolin, not as bolsterous as the one nor as resonant as the other. The songs of these swarthy sons of the land where stands Mount Ararat, the landing place of the ark, when not plaintive, are impassioned and full of fire and energy. A war song by the choir, male and female, was even flerce thrilling, and startled the listeners with occasional outcries by a single stentorian voice, very dramatic in its effect. There were also tableaux vivants, accompanied by the unavoidable red fire and nasty cough-provoking smoke, giving illustration of how the Turks pull out the tongues of their unfortunate prisoners to make them tell things, and other appetizing scenes of torture and strife, and we enjoyed "the blood-curdling particulars and were happy.' At the wind-up there appeared upon the waxed floor of the large salon a couple to perform the national dance of these peoples. The woman was a brunette, tall, slender and graceful, with large, dark, almond-shaped eyes, and the man a typical Oriental, swarthy of complexion, with bushy, black hair, but lithe and supple as a Bedouin. The music was of a quick tempo and very spirited, and the pair. without ever touching, swayed and floated up and down the polished floor like a pair sails under a gentle breeze. They were dressed in some soft, clinging, creamcolored stuff. She, with inimitable grace of undulating motion, extended her slender arms as does the heron when alighting from flight, and he, with fire and animation, constantly and ardently pursuing the charmer who, with graceful turning and gentle windings, ever and ever eluded his pursuit. Picture to yourself all this, set in a living frame of delighted spectators, who clap their hands to the measure of the music as do negroes at a "hoedown," and one has a tableau enchanting as well as

AN ADMIRER OF AMERICA.

Mr. Papasian, the last remaining member of a prominent Armenian family. murdared by in with his compatriots, is a talented writer. He was one of the leading spirits of the affair, and proved himself a very amiable and attentive host to our little party of American visitors, especially the ladies. Mr. Charkowsky, an old man and a Russian political refugee, had, during the evening, been entertaining us on the piano; when, at the close, I addressed him a few approving words on the success of the entertainment in my choicest Pike county French with a pure Pigeon-creek accent, he broke out with great enthusiasm, and in excellent English said: "My dear sir, you Americans are the greatest nation living on the face of the earth to-day, and admire Americans and their country passionately." Whereupon I grasped his extended hand of fellowship and wrung it violently, and, in conformity with my early bringing up, and according to the most approved lower Ohio river custom I said, with great emotion and my best North Indianapolis Russian: "What'll you take, old horse?" And we had our drinks hot, as hot as is my admiration for any man who speaks in such ardent terms of my beloved country. In further converse with ny new friend I learned that he had been ebrated Russian nobleman, who, years ago, was banished by the Czer, and who all his life was a famous writer under the nom de plume "Iskander," an agitator against | cades the American girl has notoriously Russian tyranny, and a friend of Pushkin | set the pace for the English maidens, who, and Tolstoi. He ended his days in exile it seems, have made a gallant and not alin the city of London a few years ago. together unsuccessful effort to keep up with a desire to take me to Indianapolis to and he was a candidate for re-election by greatly attached. He flattered me with litmight, for all we knew or understood of Once upon a time I met this noted man it, while the French women, being com-It, just as well have praised the beauties on the top of a stage coach; this was twen- paratively free from American competition, second in number. Its territory, which corners into France and has been much fought of the pearly banks of the Wabash or the ty-six years ago, and we traveled together show no appreciable progress. So far as over in the continues that have gone by, shores of the west fork of Big creek in Complete and skirting and every leading the English girls are concerned, what an has always been occupied by a liberty-lov-ing people. Their neighbors, the Dukes of Saves of the West lork of the West lork of the Corniche road skirting and overlooking the excellent result this is, and how creditable blue Mediterranean. He never tired speak-to the native grit which prompted them to Savoy, made many attempts at their sub- have, to us, been as moving as what the many of whom he knew personally do their best, instead of settling hopelessly

ing with his son, a professor at the university of that city, and spent a delightful day with the family. I could go on and tell something of the Geneva University, with its seven hundred students and seventy professors, where I daily go to hear lectures; its numerous The Historical Society Gathers schools, male and female, of great re-nown; of the quaint parts of this old city, exceedingly wealthy and conservative, with its cathedral on the hill, and mediaeval Hotel de Ville, in the neighborhood of which Calvin lived, and where Rousseau was born; of Voltaire's retreat out at Vernex and many other things interesting but time "ambles withal" and readers will not be bored, so-auf wiedersehen. Geneva, Dec. 13. J. A. LEMCKE.

AARON BURR.

He Wouldu't Break an Engagement with a Lady Even to Die.

Washington Post. Aaron Burr died when he was over eighty years old on Staten Island. He was bitterly poor and even ragged and hungerbitten in his latter life. But his eye glanced as keen, his manners were as courteous, and his serene self-respect and belief in himself as apparent as ever. His death occurred Sept. 14, 1836. One day the doctor told Burr that he could not live till morning. The old knight turned his eyes on his friends who sat watching by "He is an infernal old fool," said Burr. "Open that bureau drawer," he then commanded. "Do you see that letter lying

It was a dainty perfumed missive. "It is from a lady," continued Burr, while that look which women had found so dangerous-a cross between moonlight and the lightning's gleam-flashed in his "It is from a lady. She says she will call to-morrow. Anybody who thinks will die with that appointment on my nands is a stranger to Colonel Burr." Next morning the lady called. She was beautiful; she was tender. She brought flowers and their breath sweetened the room. She and Burr talked for an hour; he in the tender, respectful, protecting, yet masterful manner which had been his attitude toward the other sex all his life. When she departed he lay back with the flowers in his old hand-the same hand which pushed Hamilton into the abyss. The grind of her carriage wheels was heard departing in the street. Burr seemed listening to their receding sound. He died almost as they ceased, and the life which

had been one long battle won peace with

Competitive Beauty.

Harper's Weekly. Mr. Grant Allen says that the last twenty-five years have marked a great advance in the beauty of English women. A quarter of a century ago, he says, he traveled both in England and in France, and, as became a naturalist, took particular note of the appearance of the girls. Very lately he has been over the same ground again, and reports that the French women were no prettier than they were, but that amonthe camsels of the middle class in Englar the improvement is unspeakable. He finds that the young English girls are better grown than formerly, and have better figures, and much more intelligent faces than their mothers. Beauty lies so largely in the eye of the beholder that it is possible that some of the improvement Mr. Allen notes is due to a change in himself. It is conceivable that his heart warms more readily than it did to British beauty, or that twenty-five years of ripening experience have brought him a keener appreciation of the fresh and simple charms of youth. Yet he is by profession an observer of natural phenomena, and should know whereof he speaks. It is probably true that English girls have grown handsomer, and the reason is not far to seek. The development of athletics has doubtless had something to do with it, but it is safe enough to attribute the major part of the improvement to the effect of competition. For the last two dejugation, but never succeeded. The English babblings and gurglings of the wild Araxe men, many of whom he knew personally down under discouragement! The Ameriyet celebrate the detection and defeat of said of the inhumanities of the Turks, and the Guy Fawkes gun powder plot, so the the oppression practiced by the Russians | Florence, where he was temporarily stay-

## INDIANA HISTORY

Up a Few Precious Bits.

Fragmentary Chronicles Added to the Records-A Chapter of Reminiscences from Judge Ferguson.

as thoroughly as can be done in so limited

space. Another of the three is given up to

the Columbian oration by Prof. John Clark

Ridpath, on "The Man in History," de-

livered in October, 1892, under the auspices

of the Historical Society. In the third

pamphlet are biographical sketches of Ziba

Foote and Samuel Morrison, and a chapter

of reminiscences of a journey from Madison

to Indianapolis in 1836. These last are con-

tributed by Judge C. P. Ferguson, and,

while not of especial historical importance,

recall the memories of so many once well-

known Indiana citizens that they are here

my father had been elected a Representa-

reproduced. Judge Ferguson says:

As announced in the Journal a few days since, the Indiana Historical Society has distinguished Harry, who was also on his added three pamphlets to its list of original way to Indianapolis. At Madison we three publications. These three, with others extook lodgings at Pugh's Hotel and occupected to be secured during 1894, will compled the same room. Next morning, before it was light, the stage drove up to the plete the second volume of historical data door and we got in, after which the driver gathered by the society since its organizapicked up a few passengers at private tion. The public does not know definitely residences, one of whom, upon entering, was addressed as judge, and I got to learn that he was Stephen C. Stevens, who had much about this society, but an impression somehow prevails that it is a close corbeen a supreme judge, and, having reperation, so to speak, with a disposition to signed. Judge Dewey had been appointed to fill his place. retire within itself, and even in that seclu-From Madison to Columbus made sion to refrain from letting its right hand day's journey, and there we expected to know what its left hand doeth. However, meet an Indianapolis stage, that would take us on. We passed the night at the the many cultivated persons interested in Jones Hotel, and the Indianapolis stage the preservation of the annals and tradifailing to meet us, a private conveyance tions of the State will be glad to know that was provided-a common farm wagon-and in that way we were sent on to Franklin, its energy and industry are equal to the At Franklin, late in the next morning, production of three pamphlets in a year. the stage was on hand ready to take us When they read that at the recent annual on. It was not a coach, but a large covered spring wagon, drawn by four horses. meeting of the Wisconsin Historical Society Getting so late a start, we trudged the 7,500 pamphlets were reported as added to balance of the day and into the night the library during the year, these interested through mud and chuck-holes and over persons may sigh regretfully, and wonder cordurov roads. The distinguished passengers talked a good deal, and to-day I reif a less exclusive policy on the part of member some things they said, I know their home organization might not result in one of their discussions one of them in more numerous and extensive literary said the most burning epithet one man can apply to another is to call him a fool. This contributions. It will occur to them observation I never forgot, and it came that even if the distinguished vividly before my mind when I read of Gen. Butler's famous saying, "the" among or of membership in all the mean things which had been said must be kept within narrow limits, of him, no man had ever called him a no harm could be done by letting it IN THE CAPITAL CITY be known that the results of any careful A little after drak on this last day's researches into the historical and biographfourney, while perched upon my seat ical lore of Indiana would be welcomed. drowsy and worn out, Mr. Crawford Many excellent papers of this sort, well aroused me and said, in his peculjar tone worthy of preservation, are prepared from of voice, which those who knew him will time to time by members of the innumerrecollect, "Now you can see the lights of able literary clubs throughout the State. Injeanapolis," and shortly afterwards we But, as before remarked, it is worth while to have even three pamphlets, and these three prove on examination to be of interlights, no jingling of bells and shricking est and value. One of them tells the story whistles; no yelling of the names of different hotels, but in darkness and of Ouiatenon, the eventful place on the quiet the stage drew up in front of Wabash where for nearly a century was the Mansion House, kept by Basil Brown, maintained a trading post and settlement. and there emerged therefrom and entered It is written by Professor Craig, of Purdue the hotel, cold and tired, a Supreme Judge, an ex-Supreme Judge, a great lawyer, and University, and seems to cover the ground a little country boy.

dence, a new and beautiful brick cottage, fine and spacious, which stood upon the ground now occupied by the Denison House. At that time there were two small children in the family. I remember Mrs. Sheets as an affectionate, sweet-faced mother, and an accomplished lady, and certainly during my stay in the family she did all she could to supply the place of a mother to me. She had a piano and a bound volume of music. I noticed on the outside of the music book the printed name of Mary Randolph, but I did not know until many years afterwards that she was the daughter of Thomas Randolph, the bosom friend of Gen. W. H. Harrison, when he was Governor, and who was At the August election, in the year 1836, | slain at Tippecanoe. I was not long in discovering that Mr. tive for the county of Clark. Although I | Sheets himself was on the ragged edge. was quite a small boy, he was seized with | His term as Secretary was about expiring

Next morning, after breakfast, I started

out to find William Sheets, the Secretary

of State, to whom my father had given me

a letter. I found Mr. Sheets at his resi-

broken, for they were both stalwart .Whigs,

lature was to meet on the first Monday in December. Judge Dewey, who lived at Judges, and would have to be present at the term commencing on the fourth Monday of November. So it was arranged between them that the Judge should take During my stay the family was visited for the suprementation of Brown, nor were his fears groundless, and I understood he had some clerical employment under Governor Noble. Many times after I returned home I thought of that this was the first lift given to Mr. Brown, who afterwards became so promised that the Judge should take the family was visited for t between them that the Judge should take | During my stay the family was visited for | away we did come together again in the

me in charge and go by steamboat to Madison and then by stage to Indianapolis, and a week later my father would take whom they called General Dill. This is a name almost unknown to the present generation, but the student of Indiana history will find that General James Dill figured prominently in the early days of the Territory and State, and, if I have not been missinformed, his wife was the daughter of Gen. Arthur St. Clair. the Judge's horse and go through on horseback, a three days' journey. The programme was carried out, and the Judge and myself took passage on the stramboat Rochester, at the Charlestown land ig. As soon as he stepped upon the boat the Judge made inquiry and then shouted to my father, who stood upon the bank, that Pennsylvania had gone for Van Buren.

Gen. Arthur St. Clair.

My father having arrived, he took me to the Mansion House to room with himself. He permitted me to go with him to This settled the question as to the presi-dential election, and their hearts were

ganization of the House. I witnessed to ballotings for Speaker, and was told to the name of the man elected was Caleb and I, too, was very sorry, for I had hoped the name of the man elected was Caleb for the election of the old general who had Smith. I remember the Speaker as a in been at our house the year before and some, trimly-built man, hardly or middle carried off my pet terrier dog. Carried off my pet terrier dog.
On the boat the Judge met several and I think he had black hair. He did not friends, among voom was Randall Craw-ford, a great lawyer and father of the now his desk. Upon taking his seat he would rap with his ruler, and then announce "the Houthe will pleathe come to order." Her I will digress to say that it was probabl twenty years after Mr. Smith was Speake before I saw him again, when he made his appearance in court at Charlestown in connection with a suit brought to destroy the charter of the old Fort Wayne & Souther Railroad Company. Time had made its ravages. Instead of a trim, well-dressed mar with a head well covered with hair, I faced a gentleman inclined to corpulency, carele in dress, with scattering grey bair. But the lisping tongue was still there, as was evident in a political speech he was induced to make, in which he compared Judge Douglass to Baalam's ass several times much to the merriment of his hearers, con ing over the expression, "Am I not thin

> I have a distinct recollection of the feat ures and appearance of many members of the House over which Mr. Smith presided often carrying messages and doing little errands for them without pay other them the privilege of being in the hall and on the floor when I pleased, and this privilege was given me by old Jim Fislar, the doorkeeper.

> SOME FAMOUS MEN. Joseph G, Marshall was one of the lions of the House, so was Thomas J. Evans, a strong leader on the internal improvement side, not much heard of afterwards because he did not live many years. William T. J. Jones, a very active and brilliant manwas there from Evansville, but he died a few years afterwards. Robert Dale Owen and George H. Proffit sat near each other. How many of the rising politicians of the last Legislature do you suppose ever heard of George H. Proffit? Yet he was regarded as a very brilliant man in his day, and he and Mr. Owen had it up and down in the First district for many years, sometimes one and sometimes the other going to Congress. When he and Henry A. Wise Tylerized," George D. Prentice had this to say of them: "Wise is a fool and Proffit is likewise." Mr. Tyler gave Mr. Proffit a foreign mission, at the expiration of which it is said he removed to Louisville, where

On going to my father's room one night I found him engaged in conversation with a large and rough-looking man, who left the room soon after I entered. I was told the gentleman's name was Smith and he wanted my father to vote for him for United States Senator, but he could not do so because he had promised to vote for Governor Noble. My father kept his promise and voted nine times for Governor ble, and on the ninth ballot Oliver H. Smith was elected

David Wallace was Lieutenant Governor, a small man, with black hair and flashing black eyes. He was a widower, but during my stay at the Manslon House he got married and brought his young wife to the hotel to board, where I often saw them at the table. The present, well-known and beloved Mrs. Wallace is often anoken of as the mother of General Lew Wallace. This is a mistake; she is his stepmother, but, no doubt, she gave to him all the careful and affectionate training it was possible for her to give, the same as if he had been

Across the hall from our room was the room of a young lawyer to whom I became stay with him during the approaching ses- | the Legislature, and I gathered from the | tle attentions and sometimes would invite sion of the General Assembly, but how to | family talk that the candidate of whom he | me to his room, where his roommate had get me there was the question. The Legis- | had the most fear was a man by the name | a guitar. He told me his name was Otto,